

^{1st} A N
Heroick P O E M,
Most Humbly Dedicated
TO THE
S A C R E D M A J E S T Y
O F
C A T H A R I N E
Queen Dowager.

Nil est ab omni parte beatum,
Horat. Car. Lib. 2. Ode 16.

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Heroick P O E M
Most Humbly Dedicated to the Sacred MAJESTY of
CATHARINE
Q E E N Dowager.

W HAT art thou, *Muse*, that does the Mind inspire,
And Tunes the Strings of the *Poetick* Lyre?
Refines the Drossy Soul to Nobler Flame;
What art thou, but a strong desire of Fame?
A greedy Passion of excelling Praise,
Which moves in different Tempers, different ways:
To be Admir'd, first made the *Souldier* Fight,
The *Courtier* Flatter, and the *Poet* Write.
But all such Thoughts from my griev'd Bosome fled,
When first I heard our *Sovereign* CHARLES was dead:
My Soul grew so Opprest with the sad News,
I hated Fame, abhor'd my once-lov'd *Muse*,
Of all Desires Grief stop'd the eager Sense,
And froze Ambition to Indifference.

Oh Frail Condition of all Humane Things!
See here the Fate of ev'n the Mightiest Kings;
See here the Glorious CHARLES, whose Royal worth
Made Him the Judge of the Disputing Earth;
The *Arbitration* in His Bosom lay,
He held the *Scepter* of *Imperial* sway,
And War and Peace did His Commanding Will obey: }

Like Heav'n (by Heav'n's Decree) within His Breast
 The Fates of *Kingdoms*, and of *Empires* Rest;
 And Wisely was He chose for the great Grace,
 For who, like Him, could Govern such a Race
 As His own Murmuring People, may guide
 With Ease and Pleasure all the World beside.
 And yet this *Monarch*, —

Tho' all the Earth depended on His Breath,
 Here lyes Himself a Subject now to Death.

To the Great Dead I here should Altars raise,
 And guild his Lawrels with a *Poets* praise;
 For all that Write should choose no other Theam
 Than the Immortal Glories of his Name,
 And sing to all the World the greatness of his Fame.

But oh! I see his Virtues plac'd too high,
 I stand, and wonder, but want Wings to fly,
 Struck with such Luster, ev'n the Laureat fell,
 Tho' skill'd in all the Arts of Praising well:

'Tis true he fell, but 'twas like *Phaeton*,
 Because he durst aspire to drive the *Sun*.

Oh boundless Fame! how great is thy excess,
 That Thoughts can never reach, nor Words express!
 With my small Bark I dare not tempt that Coast,
 Where crowds of Ship-wrack'd *Poets* I see lost:

The greatness of the work disdains their toil,
 This Jewel shines too bright to need a foil.

Nor could I think of Verse, Grief seiz'd my Breast,
 And Grief by Silence is the best express;

My Thoughts were dead, till Duty led my way,
 To where his *QUEEN*, his Mourning Consort lay:

The Happiest Portion of his Happy Life,
 The Tendrest, Kindest, most Obliging Wife.

Sorrow in pomp, alas! fills all the Place,
 And sits *Triumphant* upon every Face:

But in her Looks Magnificent appears,
 Drest in the saddest of her Royal Tears.
Heccuba, the greatest Queen that World did know,
 Fam'd for th' expression of her mighty Woe,
 Had she liv'd now, would here Example had
 Not how to rage, but to be greatly sad.
 The *Indian* Widows, whom mistaken fame
 Admires for dying in their Husbands flame,
 Find of their Grief an easie Remedy,
 To live in Pain is harder, than to Die.
 Here no unseemly Clamour seeks Relief,
 Her Breast contains the burthen of her Grief;
 Which, like Fire, suppress'd within her Princely mind
 Lives, and preserves it self by being confin'd.
 The Royal Mourner, lay'd in her dark Room,
 Receives th' Officious Visits as they come,
 Those tedious Forms of Ceremony and State,
 Is a hard Fine she payes for being Great.
 This Dismal Scene on my num'd Fancy wrought,
 And sad *Ideas* gave new wings to Thought,
 The Prophet with his Country born away,
 Hung up his *Harp*, and Wept, but could not Play:
 But when returning, he beheld the State
 Of great *Jerusalem's* Unhappy Fate,
 From the sad Object soon new Fancies spring,
 And Sacred * *Aleph* first began to Sing.

Jeremiah

Psal. 137.

* The be-
 ginning of
 the Lamen-
 tations.

Good Heav'n, of all thy great Mysterious ways
 That Reason comprehends not, yet obeys,
 None moves men more to wonder, or distrust,
 Than thy severe Probations of the Just;
 For who can hear of Pious CATHARINE'S Name,
 (Great in the Glorious Rolls of Holy Fame)
 And not from this sad Scene Expostulate,
 At least lament the Frailty of our State?

To see that Good and Great both subject are to Fate?

Else

Else Sh' had been free, whose Life is so from Blame,
 Whose Thoughts make highest Virtue all their aim,
 At which hard mark She always shoots so right,
 That every Action nicely hits the White :
 Heav'n sent this Blessing on our *English* shore,
 T' Instruct this *Isle*, and Virtue to restore
 From hence long banish'd by misguided heat,
 And teach us how to be both Good and Great :
 Great in Her Birth, who Royal Linage Springs
 From a long Race of *Lusitanian* Kings :
 And in the current of whose Blood does shine,
 Glorious Remains of the *Lancastrian* Line.
 She, as a Dowry, brought to *England* more
 Than any Queen that ever came before,
 She plac'd the *English* Arms upon the *Africk* shore.
 But still most Great in this high part of Life,
 As *England's* Queen, and Mighty *Charles's* Wife :
 And yet ———

When Charity implores Her as a Friend,
 To see with how much Goodness she'll descend
 To help th' Opprest, and to redeem the state
 Of the Unhappy, that are Slaves to Fate !
 So the Bright *Sun*, that Nature sets so high,
 The Glory of whose Beams fills every Eye
 From the great height of his Imperial seat
 Nourishes all things by his kindly heat.

In those sad Times, when with a Powerful Hand
 Curst *Perjury* Infected all the Land ;
 Justice look'd on, but durst not say one word,
 Her Enemy had rob'd her of her Sword,
 And by her side her Ballance useles lay,
 For now, what men believ'd, they durst not say,
 Commanding Vice struck every Virtue still,
 All but her Patience how to bear the Ill,

The *Epidemick* Plague in every Breast,
 The wholesom Spirits corrupted or oppress'd;
 Nothing could now withstand, nothing prevail,
 Nothing but her Pray'rs, that never fail.

On what vain props all Wickedness is built!
 There's something Self-confounding still in Guilt;
 Else (Oh mistaking men!) else how could these,
 Innur'd in the success of Villanies,
 Not see? That the known Virtues of her Name
 Would guard her safe, and that t'attempt her Fame,
 Must of their Story prove so hard a Test,
 As show'd the Native baseness of the rest.
 Even Zeal it's self could never think, that she
 So fam'd for Virtue and Piety,

Could ever Cherish wretches to Rebel,
 Or strike the Life of Him she Lov'd so well:

' *Or that a Prince could Harbour such a Thought,*

' *Who had so Bravely for His Countrey Fought:*

' *A Prince within the circle of whose Mind*

' *All the Heroick Attributes are joyn'd,*

' *That differently dispers'd have made men Great.*

' *A Prince so Lov'd, so much preserv'd by Fate*

' *To wear these Glorious Crowns; and to repay*

' *What in his Brother She has born away.*

This show'd the Cheat, show'd what the Plot design'd,
 And all men saw but such as would be Blind:

Susanna-like Accus'd, Her Prayers are heard,

Her Enemies are Punish'd, and she Clear'd:

But 'tis no wonder Heav'n should take Her part

That holds such large Possessions in Her Heart:

Who e're a Glorious Piety would Paint,

A great Triumphant *Queen* and Praying *Saint*;

From the high Image of Her Heav'nly Thought

Might draw th' exactest piece was ever wrought.

The present
 King

The rising *Sun* no sooner did display
 His early Beams to kiss the new-born day,
 But that she Rose to Offer up Her Prayers
 To Crown with Blest success Great *Charles's* Cares,
 That this our Nation may be Prosp'rous still,
 And for these few that ever wish'd Her ill :
 Mercy's Her Natures great Prerogative,
 She never thinks of Faults, but to Forgive.

'Tis this, *Great Queen*, that makes me dare to bring
 To Your high Fame so poor an Offering.
 Your Goodness knows to judge what we intend,
 And how to Pardon, if we do Offend.
 This knowledge gives me hope you will not blame
 My too-aspiring Verse, nor conceal'd Name.
 My humble Duty here my Pride o're pow'rs,
 It dares not live in the same Page with Yours :
 The Beams of your great Glory shine so bright,
 I turn my Face away from too much Light.

May Earth, *Great Queen*, give Joy to all your years,
 And Heav'n be still Propitious to your Prayers ;
 May the great Blessings they alone could send
 On *Charles's* Happy Reign, and Pious end ;
 Have Pow'r to make him in his second Birth
 As great a Saint, as he was King on Earth :
 Where e're you pass may all your En'mies bow,
 And Fame when she relates your Name speak true,
 May you possess a Chain of Happier dayes,
 And better *Poets* rise to Sing your Praise :
 And when the Fates have Seal'd your mighty Doom,
 (For Fate, too well we see ; is sure to come)
 May Heav'n a Nobler way supply our want,
 And hop'd Success to all our Wishes grant,
 Then when we loose our *Queen*, we are sure to find our *Saint*.

